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THE CHAURAPANCHÂSIKA,

AN INDIAN LOVE LAMENT.

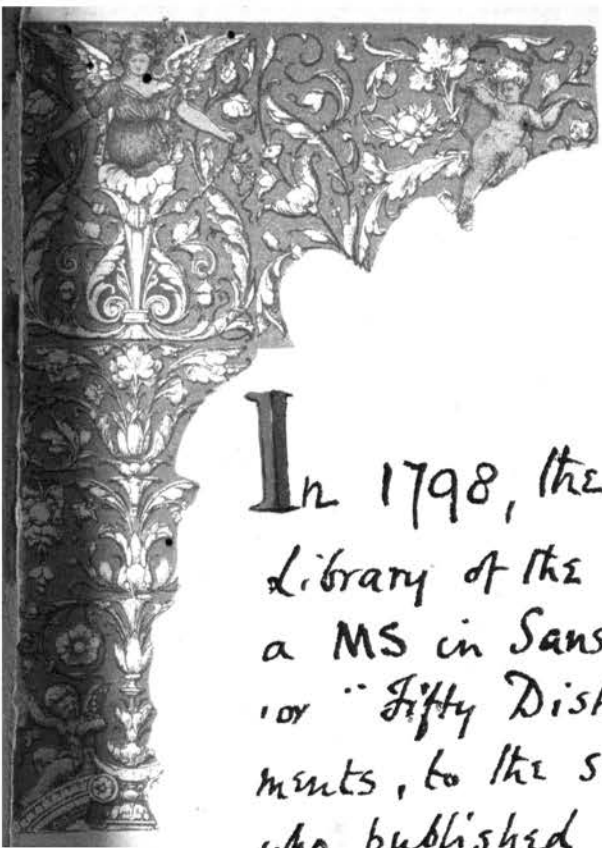
TRANSLATED & ILLUSTRATED BY

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

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THE CHAURAPANCHÂSIKA  
An Indian Love-Lament  
Translated from the Sanskrit  
by  
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD



## PREFACE

**I**n 1798, the very learned Lassen, rummaging in the Library of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> East India Company at Whitehall, found a MS in Sanskrit of this old Poem - the Chaurapanchâsika or "Fifty Disticks of Chauras". He gave his copy, and Comments, to the scarcely less erudite Peter a Böhlen of Berlin, who published in that city the text (and the commentaries of our Ganapas upon it) in very excellent & perspicuous Devanagari type, affixing a preface and appending a Latin translation. Going  
Hastily

for a month's holiday to the Canary Islands, I took a transcription of the two hundred Sanskrit shlokas with me, and made this English version of them, sitting before breakfast, at each lovely day-break, in the garden at Orotawa.


India still greatly admires the poem; which, if it be, as has been thought, cotemporary with Bhar. Trichore, would date from the commencement of the Christian Era. Its legend runs that a young & accomplished Brahman, Chauras, at the court of King Sundara of Kanchinpur, fell in love with the beautiful Daughter of the Maharajah, named Vidyâ. The flame was mutual; and when the secret of the pair became revealed, the incensed Monarch pronounced sentence of death upon Chauras, who passed his last hours in prison, composing these verses, in praise and recollection of his lost mistress.

Each quatrain of the half-hundred constituting the poem begins with the same Sanskrit word of reminiscence, adyāpi, and their characteristic is a melodious & ingenious monotony of fanciful passion. The story lives that the Maharajah forgave the offence of the lover on account of the skill of the poet. But Peter of Bohlen very justly observes: "nulla facile lingua talia exprimere potest verba Sanscrita" and, if I reproduce my little book just as I wrote (& grotesquely illuminated) it in that Hesperidean palm-grove, this shall only be to amuse scholars, lovers and ladies, not from any notion of its literary merit.

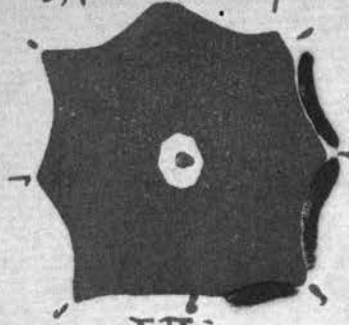
LONDON

April 9. 1896.

Edwin Arnold

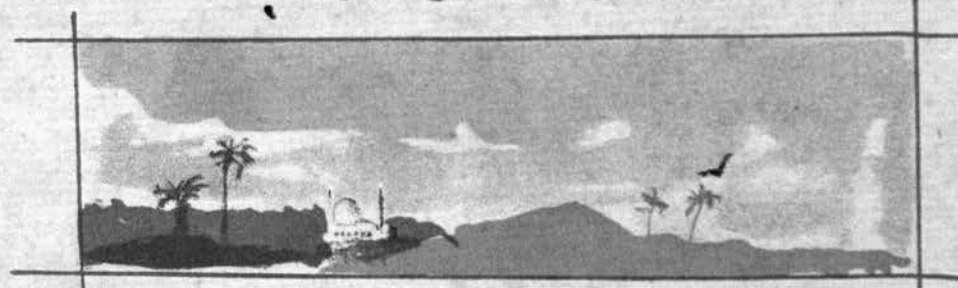


श्री गणेशाय



नमः


## ॥ चौरपञ्चाशिका ॥



अद्यापि तां कनकचम्पकदामगौरों  
फुल्लारविन्दवदनां तनुरोमराजों ।  
सप्तोत्थितां मदनविह्वलसालसाङ्गी  
विद्यां प्रमादगलितामिव चिन्तयामि ॥ १ ॥

AN  
INDIAN LOVE-LAMENT.  
from the Sanskrit of the Chaurapanchasikâ.

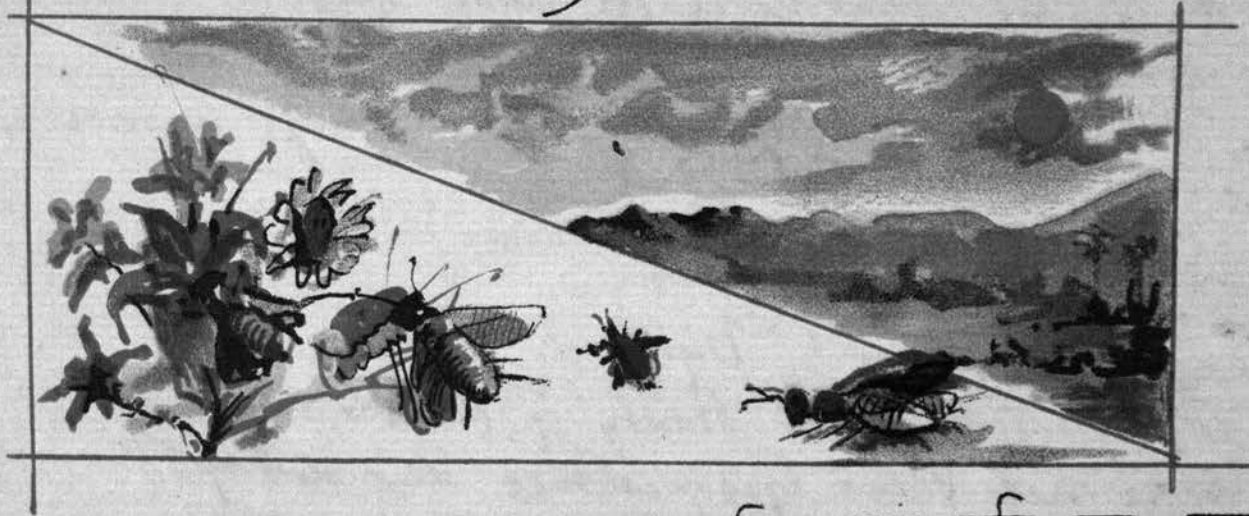
1.



I am to die! yet I remember, dying,  
My Soul's delight - my sweet unequalled love,  
Like a fresh champak's golden blossom lying,  
Her smile its opening leaves; and, bright above,  
Over her sleepful brow those lustrous tresses  
Dark-winding down, ~~the~~ tangled with Love's caresses.



अद्यापि तां शशिमुखीं नवयौवनाद्यां  
 पौनस्तनीं पुनरहं यदि गौरकाली ।  
 पश्यामि मन्मथशरानलपोडिताङ्गीं  
 गात्राणि संप्रति करामि सुशोतलानि ॥ २ ॥

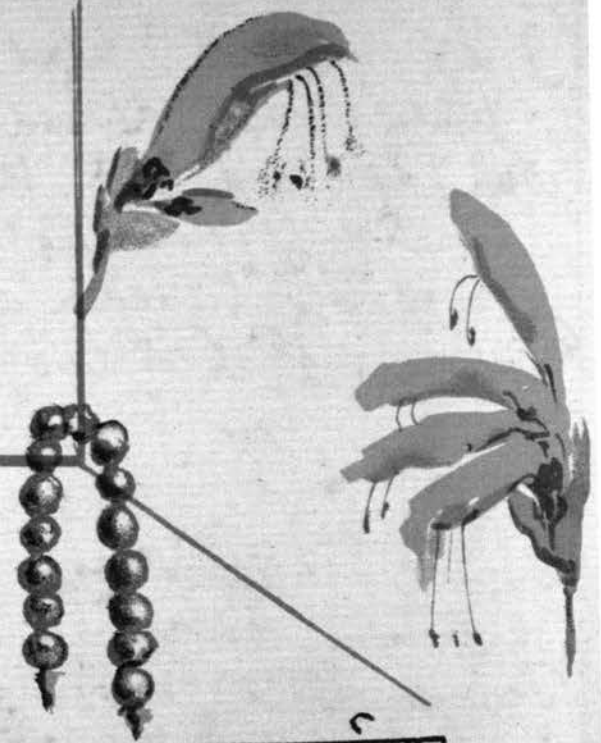


अद्यापि तां यदि पुन कमलायताक्षीं  
 पश्यामि पीवरपयोधरमारुखिन्नां  
 संपीड्य बाहुयगलेन पिबामि वक्त्रं  
 उन्मत्तवन्मथुकरः कमलं यथेष्टं ॥ ३ ॥

2.  
I die, but I remember! How it thrilled me  
The first glad seeing of her glorious face  
Clear-carven like the moon; and how it filled me  
With tremors, drinking in the tender grace  
Which, like a fine air, clothed her; and the rise  
Of her twinned breast-hills, and the ~~utter~~ strange surprise

3.  
Of Louis' new rapture! Dying I recall  
Each marvel of her beauty in its blossom;  
The large deep lotos-eyes, whence dew did fall  
Of jewelled tears; the swelling maiden bosom -  
Heavy to bear - the long smooth arms; the lips  
Where, like the ~~unsated~~ Bee, Desire still clings and sips:

श्रद्धापि तां निधुवनकर्मनिःसहाङ्गो  
स्वामाण्डुगराडुपतिदालककुत्रलानो ।  
प्रच्छन्नपापकृतमन्त्रिवावहत्रो  
कराठावसक्तमृदुबाहुलतां स्मरामि ॥ ४ ॥



श्रद्धापि तां सुरतजागरधुरीमान-  
तिथ्यवलत्तरलतारकदोधनेत्रो ।  
शुद्धरसारकमलाकराजहंसो  
ब्रीडाविनम्रवदनामुषसि स्मरामि ॥ ५ ॥

प्रद्यापि तां यदि पुनः श्रवणायताक्षी  
 पश्यामि दीधिविरहज्वरिताङ्गिणि ।  
 अङ्गिरहं समुपगुह्यतां विगच्छ  
 नीलमालयामि नयनं न च तां त्यजामि ॥ ६ ॥



प्रद्यापि तां सुरततारावसूत्रयारी  
 पूरुषसुन्दरमुखी मदविह्वलाङ्गी ।  
 तन्व विशालजघनमनमयारुखिनी  
 व्यालोलकुलकलापवती स्मरामि ॥ ७ ॥



6.  
Ah, dying - dying - I remember! Let me  
But once again behold her so - behold  
Those jet brows, like black crescent-moons, once get me  
So close that Love might soothe with Comforts cold  
The fever of her burning breast - that minute  
Would have a changeless, endless Heaven in it.

7.  
Yet now this but abides, to picture surely  
How in the palace-dance foremost she paced;  
Her glancing feet and light limbs swayed demurely  
Moonlike, amid their cloudy robes; moon-faced,  
With hips majestic under slender waist  
And hair with gold and blooms barded and laced.

सुध्यापि तां सुरततारडवसूत्रद्वारी  
पूर्णसुन्दरमुखो मद्यविह्वलाङ्गी ।  
तन्वी विशालजघनस्तनमारसिन्धु  
व्यालीलकुलीलकलापवती स्मरामि ॥७॥



सुध्यापि तां निधुवने मद्यपानरुक्ता  
नीलाधरा कुशतनू चपलायनाङ्गी ।  
काश्यीरगन्धसुगन्धोमिकृताङ्गरागा  
कर्पूरपुष्पपरिपूरणमुखी स्मरामि ॥८॥

1.  
8.  
Tis to mock Death to think how, where she lay,  
What tender odours drifted from the sheets -  
Sandal and musk - such as when pilgrims pray  
Rise for the Gods to savour - subtle sweets  
Of her rose-flesh; and, gazing in her eyes,  
The love-sick chakur had the same deep dyes.

9.  
And sometimes, I remember, when we dipped  
Our joys in wine, how her fine blood would flush  
Ruddier, to mouth and limb; and how she tripped  
With livelier steps, while saffron-flowers' blush.  
And Kashmir gums, and hill-deer's bag, made sweetening  
For breath too sweet, and pearl-teeth - idly eating

अद्यापि तत् कनकगणकुताङ्गरागं  
प्रस्वेदविन्दुवित्तं वदनं प्रियायाः ।  
वन्ते स्मिराणि रतिस्वेदविलोलेनेत्र  
राक्षपरागपरिमुक्तमिवेन्दुनिम्बं ॥ १० ॥



अद्यापि तन्मनसि संपरिवर्तते मे  
रात्रौ मयि ल्युतवति क्षितिपालपत्न्या ।  
जोषेति मङ्गलवचः परिदूल्या नौपत  
वरा कृतं कनकपत्रमरालनेश्या ॥ ११ ॥



10.  
Honies and betel. How the spell re-grows  
Strong in my soul of that dear face divine,  
Hooded in scarlet silk, which opening, shows  
The brow dew-pearled from Raste, dark orbs that shine  
With tremulous light of love; as when the Moon  
Escapes from Rahu, round and splendid soon.

11.  
Ah, my pale Moon eclipsed! How may I bear  
To think on that ill hour of severing  
When, in the ear of the King's Daughter dear,  
(So close my mouth touched its warm gems that swing)  
I murmured "jivit mangal" - "Fairest! be  
Healthful and happy! I will fare to thee!"

अद्यापि तत् कनककराडलघुष्टगाण्डं  
आस्य स्मरामि विपरितरतामियागे ।  
आनूालनभ्रमजलस्फुटसान्द्रविन्दु  
मुक्ताफलप्रकरविचूरितं प्रियाया ॥ १२ ॥

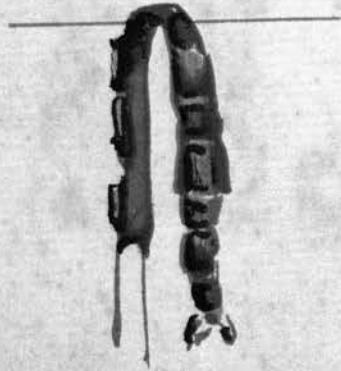


अद्यापि तत् श्रृणुमद्दृष्ट्यातं  
तस्याः स्मरामि रतिविभ्रमगात्रमङ्गं ।  
वस्त्रान्तरस्खलनचारुपयाधरान्  
दलच्छन्द दशनस्कराडनमराडन वा ॥ १३ ॥

12.  
But then comes back thy mournful face, be-dick'd  
With ruby pendants on each perfect side,  
Wheron, in that last ill-starred hour, - deject,  
Despondent, fearing Fate - my fond eyes spied  
What might seem rounded Diamonds, but I know  
'Twas tears which from their sick'n lids did flow.

13.  
Also comes back that sidelong shaft of sorrow  
Shot from Love's breaking bow - that sudden thrill  
Of limbs - half passion and half pang: - I borrow  
Joy from my keen delightful anguish still  
Of seeing, where the jewell'd choli slips,  
Those breast-buds, and the love-marks on thy lips.

अद्याप्यशोकनवपलवरक्तहस्ता  
 मुक्ताकलापपरिचुम्बितचूचकाग्रां ।  
 अत्रास्मिन्नुत्सितपाराङ्गुलराज्यमिति  
 तां वलयां अलसहसगतिं स्मरामि ॥ १४ ॥



अद्यापि तत् कनकरागधनोद्देशे  
 तस्याः स्मरामि नावरक्षतलक्ष्यमिति ।  
 आकृष्टहेमरुचिराम्बरमुत्थितायाः  
 लज्जावशात्कथं च ततो ब्रजन्त्याः  
 ॥ १५ ॥

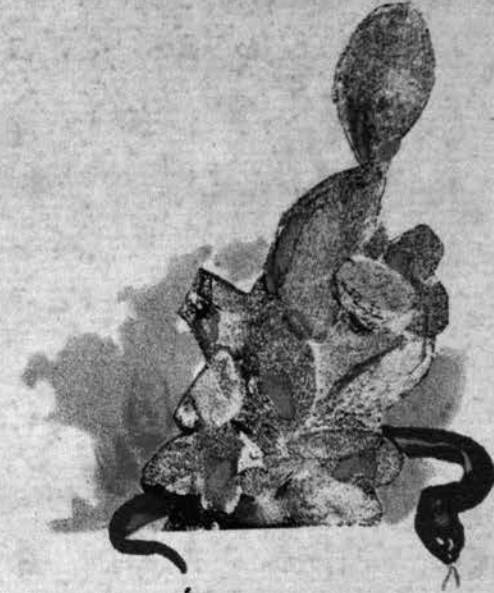


Goodly thou wert then, <sup>14</sup> moving like a Swan,  
With henna-reddened fingers like pink sprays  
On the Asoka bush. The beauty wan  
Of thy deep bosom took a gleaming grace  
From the stringed pearls that hung, twiltin its vale,  
Down from thy crown, and temples pure and pale.

15.

Goodly were those twin smooth sides, clasped so often,  
Scented and dyed with Sandal; whose excess  
Of loveliness the spangled folds did soften —  
The waving drapery of thy dainty dress —  
Which thou wouldst girdle by a golden band  
And gather modestly with heedful hand.

क्षयापि तां विद्युतकज्जलचासुनेत्रां  
 प्रीत्फुलपुष्पनिकराकुलकेशपाशां ।  
 सिन्दूरसंलुलितमौक्तिकहारदनां  
 आघातहमकडकां रहसि स्मरामि ॥ १६ ॥



क्षयापि तां कलितबन्धनकेशपाशां  
 स्रस्तस्रजं स्मितसुधामधुरायरौशो ।  
 पीनोन्नतस्तनयुगोपरिचाराचुम्बि-  
 मक्तावलीं रहसि लोलदृशे स्मरामि  
 ॥ १७ ॥

16.  
Thou dost return to thought, attired divinely,  
Thy dark eyes lusted by the soorma dust,  
Thy long black braided tresses fastened finely  
With champaks, glad to grow there. Oh, I must,  
Even on my death-day, meditate thy lips  
Tinctured with Vermil, and the gleam that slips,

17.  
At every smile, betwixt them, of that row  
Of peerless pearls thy teeth; and bangles slender  
On thy round arms; thy breath like airs which blow  
From jasmine-flowers; the mouth which was so tender;  
The eyes languorous with love; the warm dusk breast  
Where, like thy happy pearls, I took my rest.

श्रद्धासि तां धवनवेश्मनि रत्नदीप-  
 मालामयूषपठलैर्दलितान्वकारि ।  
 स्वप्नोऽयं मे रक्षसि संमुखदर्शनोत्था  
 लज्जामयार्तनयनामनुचिन्तयामि ॥ १४ ॥



श्रद्धासि तां विरहवद्विषीडिताङ्गी  
 लज्जी कुरङ्गनयनां सुसुतैपात्र ।  
 नानाविचित्रकृतमराडनमावहन्ती  
 तां राजहंसगमनां मुदलो स्मरामि ॥ १५ ॥



18

For, in her white pavillion, where the pall  
Of purple midnight was by glow dispelled  
Of countless flaming cressets - ranged on wall  
Like burning rubies - She, when love impelled,  
Would whisper "I am wearied, sleep is best!"  
But the dropped face, and hand-touch, told the rest.

19.

Flower-bodied Maid! by passion's flame burned up  
Shy in thine utmost giving, with too's eyes  
Wistful and wild! thy beauty was a cup  
Brimmed with delicious draughts; in such sweet wise  
Broidered and chased with bliss, that speech is weak  
One wonder of thy nectared self to speak.

अद्यापि तां द्वितितले वरकोमिनीनां  
सर्वाङ्गसुन्दरतया प्रथमैकरेखां ।  
षट्कारनाडकरसोत्तमपानपात्रं  
कान्ता स्मरामि कुसुमायुधवाणसिन्त्रां ॥ २० ॥



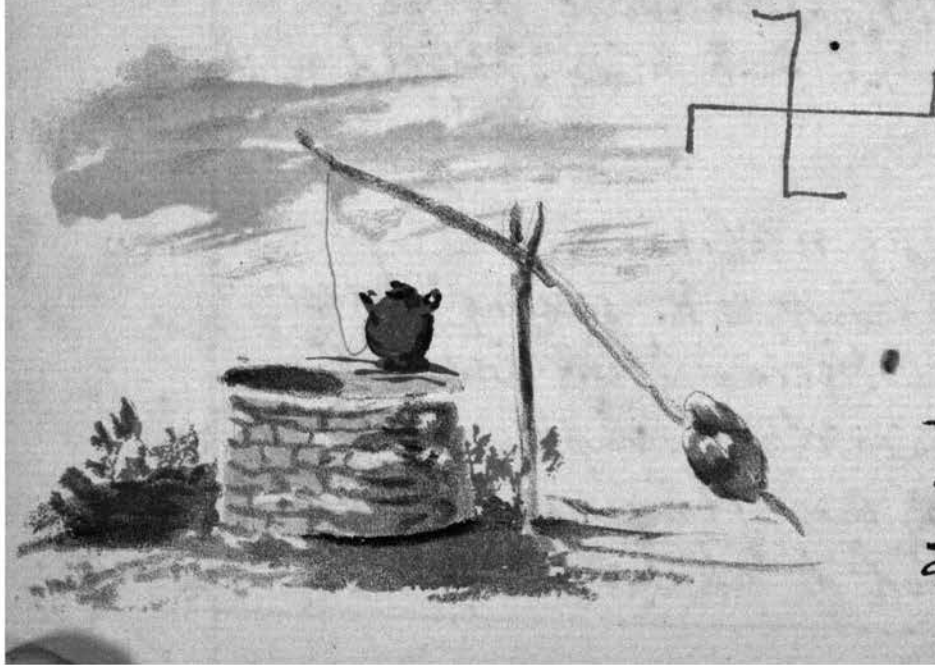
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प्रौढप्रतापमदनानलतप्तदेहां ।  
बालामनायशरणामनुकम्पनीयां  
प्राणाधिकं हृण्महे न हि विस्मरामि ॥ २१ ॥



20  
Ah, to the great heart struck by Kama's bow,  
Beloved! who was like thee in the throng  
Of those fair damsels dancing, with brave show,  
Within the palace walls? When thou, with song  
And subtly-woven feet, ledst dance and strain?  
Rich cup of Love that Drinking could not drain!

21.  
Nay, not for Death forego I this delight  
Of musing on thee, ~~that~~ who art life to me,  
At that time when thou wastest, bold and bright  
As if thy gauzy garments were for thee  
Too gross, as if to cool thy beauties soon  
Thou hadst a mind - as with her clouds the Moon -

अद्यापि तां प्रथमतो वसुन्दरीरागां  
स्नेहैकपात्रघटितामवनोशपत्रां ।  
देहोऽत्र मे स विरहः सुकुमारगात्राः  
मोहं न शक्यत इति प्रतिचिंयामि ॥ २२ ॥



अद्यापि विरसितां कुचसारनम्रां  
मुक्ताकलापघवलीकृतकराढदेशां ।  
तां केलिमन्दिराणां कुसुमायुधस्य  
कान्तां स्मरामि हृदिज्ज्वलपुष्पकेतु  
॥ २३ ॥



22.

To bare thy silver virgin splendours, Queen  
Of all dear women and desirable!  
Framed to hold love as water in a well!  
Fairer than all the fairest ever seen!  
Great Brahma! Death is dear, but to be parted  
From her makes death for me, so heavy-hearted.

23.

Yet I will die remembering, recalling,  
The glories of her, sweet with swelling breast  
Where the white strings of precious pearls were falling  
What hour she paced into Love's Temple, dressed  
As Kama's Priestess, with that flower which binds  
The bow-string of the God of all men's minds.

अद्यापि चादुशतुर्ललितोचितार्थं  
तस्याः स्मरामि सुरतकर्मविद्वलायाः ।  
अव्यक्तनिस्वनितकातरकथ्यमान-  
संकोशवराहचिरं वचनं प्रियायाः ॥२४॥



अद्यापि तां सुरतजागरभोलितादौ  
यस्ताङ्गयष्टिगलितांशुककेशपाशां  
शृङ्गारवारिरुद्धकाननराजहंसो  
जन्मान्तरे निधुक्नेऽप्यनुचिन्तयामि  
॥२५॥

24.  
Ah, too, her gentle talk: melodious, most  
When Love's soft tremors rank it to a tone  
Of low caressing murmurs, laughter lost  
In little, swift sighs, words used alone,  
For my most blessed ears, when secret speech  
Melted to babble, understood of each.

25.  
Yes, glad or sad, alike must I recall  
Living or dying, the soft openings  
Of those tired eyes, whereon the lids would fall  
Like velvet curtains loosed from golden strings;  
And how the black locks o'er her sweet throat ran  
The ruffled feathers of my sleeping swan.

अद्यापि तां प्रणयिनीं मृगशावकाद्वीं  
 पश्याम्यहं यदि पुनर्दिवसावसाने ।  
 पोषपूर्णकुचकुम्भयुगं वहन्तीं  
 स्मरं तयात्र न च राजसख स्मरामि ॥ १३ ॥



अद्यापि विस्मयकरीं त्रिदशान्विहाय  
 बद्धिर्बलाद्वलति मे किमहं करोमि ।  
 जानन्नपि प्रतिमूर्तमिदं न काले  
 कालेति बलपतरेति ममति बोधः  
 ॥ १७ ॥



26.

Ah! in those days when I might so, at rest  
Gaze in the eyes like rose's eyes; drink my fill  
Of her mouth's honey; from her jasmine breast  
Inhale its delicate fragrance, what they will  
The gods could do! I asked none of their bliss  
Nor any heavenly feasting more than this.

27

And even now, when any dawn may bring  
Such as shall slay me to the prison-gate,  
Upon those days divine still pondering  
I do forget the gods, the King, my fate.  
Oh than Delight! that wast the world to me,  
World, Heaven, and All, I find only in thee!

अद्यापि मोहहरिणीमिव चञ्चलाक्षी  
 तां मे गतिं प्रति जनैर्दत्तां तु वाच ।  
 श्रुत्वा स्वलद्विगलदश्रललाकुलाक्षी  
 कान्तां स्मरामि गुरुशांकविनम्रवक्त्रां ॥ २८ ॥



अद्यापि तां क्षणवियागविषोपमेषां  
 सङ्गे पुनर्बद्धतराममृताभिषिक्तां ।  
 यज्जोवधारणकरीं मृदनात्सतन्त्रां  
 किं ब्रह्माकेशवह्नौ सुदतीं स्मरामि  
 ॥ २९ ॥

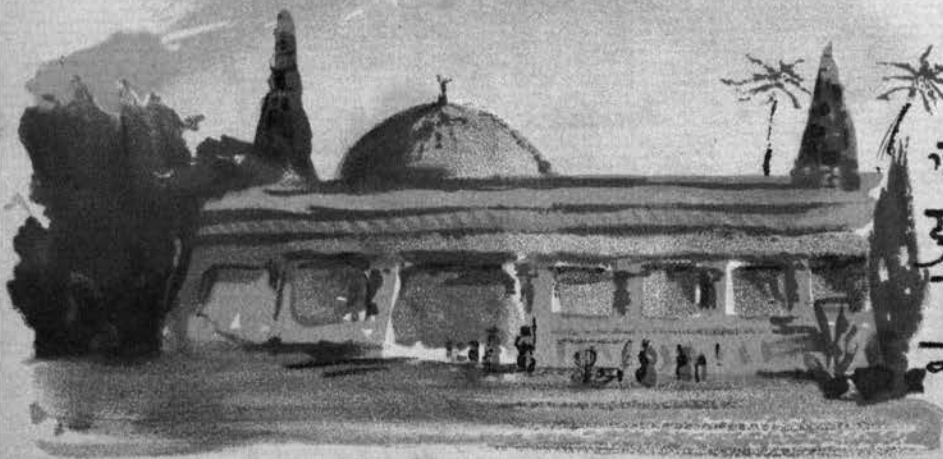
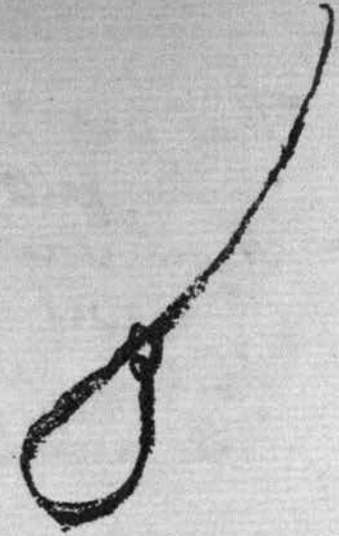
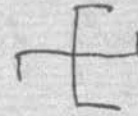
28.

In thee - in thee - who comest, so fond and eager  
With startled doe-deer's eyes, abrim with tears,  
Hearing the tidings of our love's beleaguer:  
Nothing less lovely in thy tender fears  
Than when all days went well, and love did seem  
A bliss unchanging, an unbroken dream.

29.

Tears! sparkling jewels of sweet grief! I keep  
Their memory as a merchant hoards his wealth.  
We twain, who could not eat, nor drink, nor sleep  
Apart, whose hearts were tied - about by stealth -  
By th' heart-strings, how could such be torn away?  
Brahm, Shiva, Vishnu, what to me were they?

अद्यापि जातु निपुणं यतता मयापि  
दृष्टं दशा जगति जातिविद्ये बधूनां ।  
सौन्दर्यनिर्जितरतिदिजराजकान्ते ;  
कान्ताननस्य सदृशं वदनं गुणैर्न ॥ ३० ॥



अद्यापि राजगृहतो ममि नोयमाने  
दुर्वारमीषणकरैर्यमदूतकल्पै !  
किं किं त्वया बहुविधं न कृतं मदर्शे  
वक्तुं न शक्यत इति व्यथते मनो मे  
॥ ३१ ॥



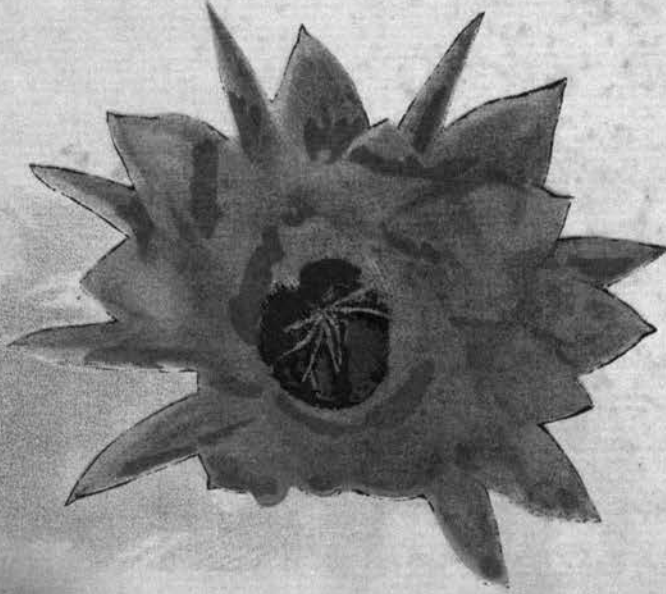
30.

Than wert my worship, then my shrine, my home,  
 My faith, dear Lady of the magic mouth!  
 Never elsewhere, wherever my foot had come  
 Viewed I so noble Presence - north or south -  
 As thine, which was all mine; and never shall  
 See moon-like beauty so majestic.

31.

Moreover, every pitying thing she said,  
 And all her fond compassion - when those men  
 Fiercer than Gama's slaves, King of the Dead,  
 Haled me beyond the Palace - neither then  
 Could any thanking fitly pay; though now  
 They bring me this full heart and bursting brow.

अध्यापि तन्निधि दिवा हृदयं दुनोति  
पूर्णेन्दुसुन्दरमखं मम बलभायाः ।  
लावण्यनिर्जितरति दातकामदर्पं  
मूयः पुरः प्रतिपदं न विलोक्यते यत् ॥ ३२ ॥



अध्यापि तामविहतां मनसा चलेन  
संचिन्तयामि युवतीं मम जीविताशां ।  
नान्योपयुक्तनवयौवनमारसारां  
जन्मान्तरेऽपि सैव गतिर्यथा स्यात्  
॥ ३३ ॥

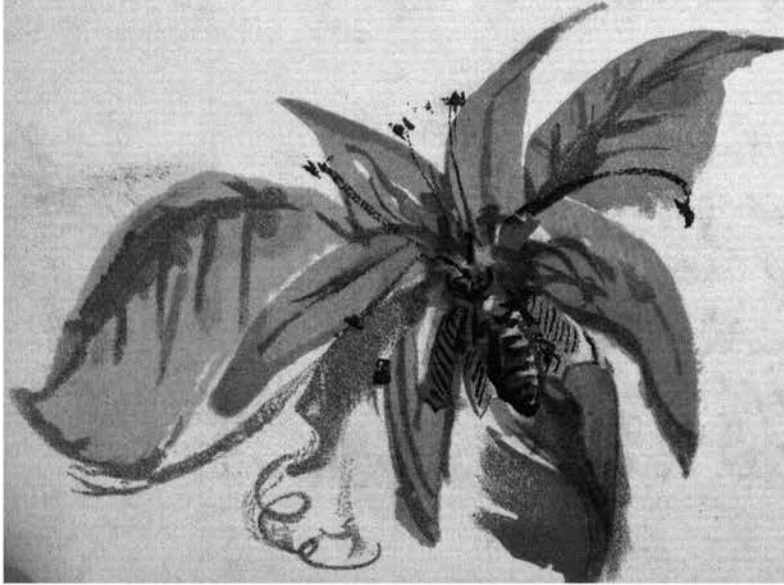
32.

For, day and night, her grace makes grief transcended  
Since never once again can I behold  
The countenance so kind, shining more splendid  
Than moon at full, the charms which did enfold  
All whatsoever Kama, Lord of Love,  
Hath in his armoury of spells above.

33.

And thus it is Death's advent shall not alter  
My steadfast musing on the good days lost:  
Myself I will forget, but will not falter  
Thinking on her whose lovely love hath cost  
My life, yet is its hope, and stay, and pleasure,  
And, bring sonnets still mine only treasure.

यद्यापि तद् वदनपङ्कजगन्धलब्ध-  
प्राप्यद्विरेफचयचुम्बितगराक्षयुग्मं ।  
लोलावभ्रूतकरपलवङ्कशानां  
घ्राणेऽपि मूर्च्छितमनः स्तरां मदीयं ॥३४॥



यद्यापि सा तखपदं स्तनभण्डले यत्  
दत्तं मयास्यमद्यपानविमोहितेन ।  
उद्भिन्नरोमपुलकैर्बद्धयिः प्रयत्नात्  
जागर्ति रक्षति विलोकयति स्मरामि  
॥३५॥



34.

They cannot force me cease to see, sweet Lady!  
Though my tears blind me, that delicious face  
Which wild bees, wandering in jungles shady  
Might deem Kadamba, take for honey-place;  
They cannot make me cease to hear the jangle,  
Though this be torment, of thy jewelled bangle.

35.

Oh me! I was the Bee who sucked his fill  
From fragrant chalice of that gold-leaved flower,  
Breast-deep. Know I not well how it did thrill  
Beneath mine eager clasping, in that hour  
When love waxed well-high cruel in quick kisses,  
And passion welcomed hurts that mixed with blisses.

अथापि कोपविमुखीकृतगन्तुकामा  
नोक्तं वच प्रतिदर्शति यदेव पूर्व ।  
चुम्बामि रोदिति भृशं पतितोऽस्मि पादे  
दासस्तव प्रियतमे भज मां स्मरामि ॥ ३६ ॥



अथापि भावति मतः किमदं करोमि  
सार्धं सखीभिर्नति वासगृहे सुकान्ते ।  
कान्ताप्रगीतपरिहासविविचित्रनृत्ये  
क्रीडाधिराम इति यातु मदीयकालः  
॥ ३७ ॥

36.

Yea! and we tasted midst that nectared drink,  
 Touch of division which doth make love meek:  
 Of one dark hour of discontent I think  
 When nought to my hot wooing she would speak;  
 But with averted visage turned to fly  
 While, at her knees, I clasped them, and did cry

37.

"Pardon me! love me! all my life is thine!  
 I am thy slave!" Ah! the loss to-day!  
 All, all is gone! those moments so divine,  
 The gilded bowers, the games, are passed away  
 The dances of the Nautch-girls, and the beat  
 Of dancing-drums with all which was so sweet.

अथापि न खलु वेद्य किमीशपत्नी  
 शानागता सुरपतेरथ कृष्णलक्ष्मी ।  
 धात्रैव किं त्रिबगतः परिमोहनाय  
 सा निर्मिता युवतिरत्रदिदृक्षया वा ॥ ३८ ॥



अथापि तां जगति वर्णयितुं न कश्चित्  
 शक्नो ह्यपृष्टसदृशो च परिग्रहं मे ।  
 दृष्टं दृष्टोः सदृशयोः खलु येन रूपं  
 शक्नो भवेद्यदि स एव परं न नाभ्य  
 ॥ ३९ ॥



38.

Too sweet to last! Was it enchantment then?  
Shiva's own consort? Indra's Urvashi?  
Or Krishna's dakshini, deigned to dwell with men  
a little space, and for a space to be  
Of all Three Worlds the Pearl, and Star, and Story,  
That He Who made her might put forth His glory.

39.

For, surely, never mortal on this Earth  
Beheld such excellence or pictured it  
As of that beauty dusk which was from birth  
Mine, and untouched by any else. The wit  
Of words falls short to tell her smallest wonder;  
He knows who made the sky, and sun, and thunder.



अद्यापि तां नयनकज्जलमिश्रमश्रु  
विश्रान्तकर्णयुगलं दधतीं विदुषां ।  
कान्तां स्मरामि द्यनपोनपयोद्वरल्यां  
श्यामामनल्पगुणगौरवशोभमानां ॥ ४० ॥

अद्यापि निर्मलशरच्छशिगौरकान्ति  
चेतो मुनेरपि हरेत् किमुताममदोयं ।  
वक्तुं सुचारुसमयं यदि तत् प्रपद्ये  
चम्बाम्यहं न विरहो व्यथते मनो मे  
॥ ४१ ॥

40

Since, sometimes in her humour, she would flash  
 Like the swift lightning; and her angry tears  
 Would wash the soorma off from lid and lash  
 As 'twere June rain; while in her rose-leaf ears  
 The rubies swung, and the great rounded breast  
 Broke the gold lace-strings of her broided vest.

41.

Yet, let me most recall her red lips smiling  
 Tinged with the safflower like two autumn moons,  
 Her teeth to dazzle saints; her glance beguiling  
 Which beckoned meaningly to lover's hid bones  
 Oh lips! oh mouth! if once more I might press  
 Your perfumed softness Death would not distress.

अद्यापि तत् कमलेण सुगन्धि वक्तुं  
तत्प्रेमवारि मकरध्वजतापहारि ।  
प्राप्नोम्यहं यदि पुनः सुरतैकतीर्थं  
प्राणांस्त्यजामि नितरां तद्वार्त्तिहेतोः ॥ ४२ ॥



अद्याप्यहो जगति सुन्दरलक्ष्मणं  
चान्योन्यपीवरगणालिकसंप्रपन्ने ।  
अन्याभिरित्युपमितुं न मयावशकं  
नूपं तदोयमिति मे हृदये विधादः

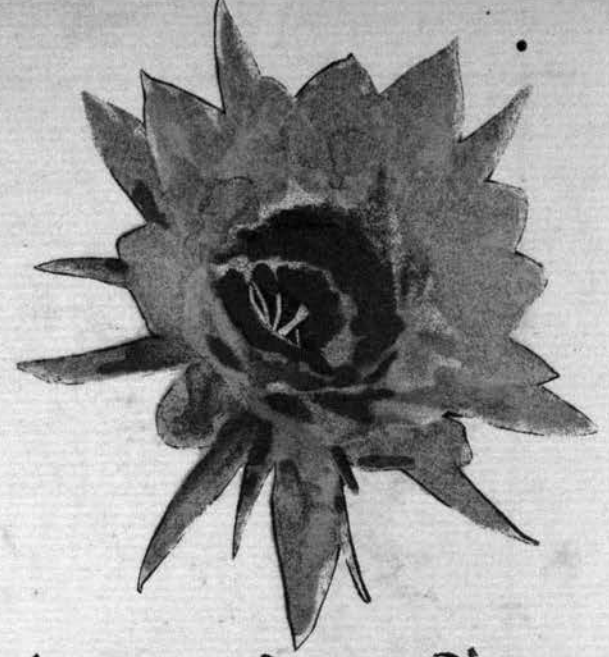
॥ ४३ ॥

42.  
Red honey-flower of Love! paired lotos leaves!  
That had the lotos-dust, and lotos-dew -  
That heavenly moisture which 'loves thirst relieves  
And quenches Kama's flame-; if I and you  
Came once more close enough to touch again  
Kill me! Death would not strike with too much pain.

43.  
But now I die, with spirit discontented  
Since none can know as I do how to praise  
That rare, surpassing, finished form, invited  
To be the gem of Women, in all days  
Chief Pearl of Virgins, and in all the lands  
Queen-Maid of all the queenliest maiden-bands.



अद्यापि सा ह नवयौवनसुन्दराङ्गी  
रोमाञ्चवोचिविलसच्चपलाङ्गयष्टिः ।  
मत्त्वान्नसारसचलद्विरहोच्चपङ्कजं  
किञ्चिद्भयं प्रथयति प्रियराजहंसो ॥ ४४ ॥



अद्यापि तां नृपतिशेखररजपुत्रीं  
सपूर्णयौवनमदालसधूर्शनेत्रां ।  
गन्धर्वयक्षसुरकिन्नरराजकन्यां  
साक्षान्नमोनिपत्तिर्नामिव चिन्तयामि  
॥ ४५ ॥



44.  
Stateliest of Ladies! to this heart sore-stirred  
Passed like the lotos on a troubled stream,  
Thou shonest like a red-plumed River-Bird  
With dainty gait and plumes superb, that seem  
To shine one moment in the tremulous glass,  
And then the gleam is gone, the shadows pass.

45.  
Stay! stay in sight, - thought, - soul! I will not quit thee  
My Princess of the dancing lighted eyes  
Wanton with youthful loving life! I'll fit thee  
With fancies new and fresh! Not woman-wise  
Muss I upon thee, but as Dev come down, -  
Gandharva, Yaksha, Kinnara - the Crown



46.  
Of some celestial Realm, yet unto me  
All maid and woman wert thou: most of all  
When, rising from linked sleep, safe I might see -  
From nape to foot - palm - all thy glory tall  
Like a carved column stand, the sculptured bosom  
Its splendid capital. Then, o'er the blossom

47.  
Of night-dew'd beauty she had cast the shade  
Of silken scarf and jewelled gold; but - tender  
At parting - these and weariness she laid  
Aside, my gentlest joy! and would surrender  
The yielded mouth and neck, and once again  
Give what could turn to Paradise Hell's pain.

प्रक्ष्मापि ततः सुरतकेलिनिरस्त्रयद्वं  
 बन्धोपबन्धपतनोत्थतशून्यहस्ते ।  
 दल्लोष्ठपीडनतखक्षतरक्तसिक्तं  
 तस्याः स्मरामि रतिबन्धुनिष्ठुरत्वं ॥ ४८ ॥



प्रक्ष्मापिह वरवयुसुरतापमाग  
 जोवामि नान्यविविक्ता क्षणमन्तरा ।  
 तच्चात्र मे मरणामेव हि दुःखशान्ति  
 विज्ञापयामि प्रवतस्वरितं लनीहि  
 ॥ ४९ ॥



48.

Infinite ecstasy of harmless bliss!

Dear combat, where to lose was Victory,  
Hands knit with hands, like flower-stems twisted! Kiss

That would find close, but could not end, till we  
Hurt one another in the ache of Love!

Ah, how in dying doth such memory move!

49.

But dying now is best, since she is left—

My peerless Spouse, my Spirit's sole delight.  
I do disdain, in what of days are left

To live without her. If my death be right,  
Come quick, I bid ye, who must do this deed,  
And be my heart from anguish forthwith freed.



प्रम्यापि नोर्जति ह्यः किल कालकुण्डं  
कुर्मो विमर्ति वरुणो खलु पृष्ठकेन ।  
प्रम्योर्निर्वहति दुःसहबाडवाग्रिं  
प्रह्नीकृतं सुकृतिनः परिपालयति ॥ ५० ॥



॥ इति श्रीचौरमहाकविना रचिता श्लोकपञ्चाशिका समाप्ता ॥

50.

Fast Lover to the last, I die. My faith  
Is kept as true hearts use. So Shiva's neck  
The wave-blue poison-mark for ever hath,  
And ever doth the monstrous Tortoise-Back  
Sustain the Earth; and ever the strong Sea  
Quenches the Nether Fires, as Death doth me.

THE END.



राष्ट्रीय पुस्तकालय, कोलकाता  
National Library, Kolkata